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THE
True PRESBYTERIAN
Without DISGUISE:
OR, A
CHARACTER
OF A
Presbyterians Ways and Actions.



By Sir JOHN DENHAM, Knight.

*Difficile est Satyram non scribere, namquis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis tam ferrens, ut teneat se? Juv.*

A Presbyter is such a Monstrous thing,
That loves Democracy, and hates a King;
For Royal Issue never making prayers,
Since Kingdoms (as he thinks) should have no Heirs,
But stand Elective; that the holy Crew
May (when their Zeal transports them) chuse a New.
And is so strongly grounded in belief,
That Antichrist his coming will be brief,
As he dares swear (if he dares swear at all)
The Quakers are ordain'd to make him fall:
From whence he grows impatient, and he says,
The wisest Counsels are but fond delays,
To hold him lingring in deluding hope,
Else long ere this he had subdu'd the Pope.
A Presbyter is he, whose heart doth hate
The man (how good so e're) advanc'd in State;
And finding his disease a Leprosie,
Doth judge that all in Court Gebes's be;
Whilst he himself in Bribery is lost,
And lyes for gain unto the Holy Ghost.
When though in shew he seems a grave Tobias,
He is within a very Ananias.
The Lay-prophane-name (Lord) he hates, and says
It is th'approaching sign of the last days,
For Church-men to be stiled so; Nay more,
'Tis Ulster to the Babylonian Whore.
The Bishops Habits, with the Tip and Rochets,
Beget in him such Fancies and such Crochets,

That he believes it is a thing as Evil
To look on them, as to behold the Devil.
And for the Government Episcopal,
That he condemns to be the worst of all;
Because the primest Times did suffer no man
T' exalt himself, for all was held in common:
Yet 'tis most strange, when he is most Zeal-sick,
Nothing can cure him but a Bishoprick,
Where once invested, proves without all scope,
Insulting, boundless, more than any Pope.
A Presbyter is he, that's never known
To think on others good, besides his own;
And all his Doctrine is of Hope, and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis Popery he saith:
And is not only silent in Good works,
But in his practice too, resembles Turks.
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells,
(Can he get Pow'r) 'tis ten to one he sells;
For his well-tuned ears cannot abide
A jangling noise, but when his Neighbours chide.
A Presbyter is he, that never prays,
But all the world must hear him what he says;
And in that fash'on too, that all may see,
He is an open Modern Pharisee:
The name of Sabbath still he keeps ('tis true)
But so he is less Christian, more a Jew;
Nor settled form of Prayer his zeal will keep,
But preacheith all his purer Flock asleep:

To

To study what to say, where for to doubt
Of a presumed Grace to hold him out;
And to be learn'd is too too Humane thought,
Th' Apostles all (he says) were men untaught;
And thus he proves it for the best to be
A simple-Teacher of Divinity.

The Reverence which Ceremony brings,
Into the Sacred Church, his Conscience stings,
Which is so void of Grace, and so ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament,
But sits more like a Judge, than like a Sinner,
And takes it just, as he receives his Dinner,
Thus do his saucy postures speak his Sin,
For as without, such is his Heart within.

A *Presbyter* is he, who doth defame
Those Reverend Ancestors from whence he came.
And like a Graceless Child, above all other,
Denies respect unto the Church his Mother;
His Chosen Protestants he scorns, as men
Not sav'd because they are not Brethren:
And lest his Doctrine should be counted new,
He wears an antient Beard to make it true.

A *Presbyter* is he, that thinks his place
At every Table is to say the Grace;
When the good-man, or when his child hath paid,
And thanks to God for King, and Realm, hath said,
He then starts up, and thinks his self a Debter
Till he doth cry (I pray you thank God better;)
When long he prays for every living thing,
But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.

A *Presbyter* is he, would wondrous fain
Be call'd Disciple by the Holy train.
Which to be worthy of he'll stray and erre
Ten miles to hear a silenc'd Minister;
He loves a Vesper Sermon, hates a Mattin,
As he detests the Fathers nam'd in Latin,
And as he Friday, Sunday makes in dyet,
Because the King, and Canons do deny it,
The self-same nature makes him to repair
To Week-day Lectures, more than Sundays prayer.
And as the man, must need's in all things erre,
He starves his Parson, crams his Lecturer.

A *Presbyter* is he, whose heart is bent
To cross the Kings designs in Parliament,
Where whilst the place of Burgefs he doth bear,
He thinks he owes but small Allegiance there;
But stands at distance, as some higher thing,
Like a *Licurgus*, or a kind of King.
Then as an Errant, times bold Knights were wont
To seek out Monsters, and adventures hunt;
So with his wit, and valour, he doth try
How the Prerogative he may defie;
Thus he attempts, and first he fain would know
If that the Sovereign Power, be new, or no:
Or if it were not fitter, Kings should be
Confin'd unto a limited degree;
And for his part like a Plebeian State,
Where the poor Mechanicks may still debate

All matters at their pleasure, not confin'd
To this, or that, but as they cause do find;
When though that every voice against him go,
He'll slay the Giant, with his single (no.)
He in his heart, though at a poor expence,
Abhors a gift that's call'd Benevolence;
For as his mind, so is his bounty bent,
And still unto the King molevolent.
He is the States-man, just enough precise,
The nearest Government to scandalize.
Nor like a Drunkard, when he doth expose
In secret underneath the silent Rose.

To use his freedom, when the Pot might bear
The faults which closely he committed there,
But *Shimei*-like, to all the men he meets,
He spews his frantick Venome in the Streets:
And though he says the Spirit moves him to it,
The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.

A *Presbyter* is he, (else there is none)
That thinks the King will change Religion.
His doubtful thought, like to his Moon-blind eys,
Makes the beast start at every shape he spies.
And what his fond mistaken fancy breed,
He doth believe as firmly as the Creed:
From whence he doth proclaim a Fast to all
That he allows to be Canonick;
And then he consecrates a secret Room,
Where none but the Elected Sisters come:
When being met, doth Treason boldly Teach,
And will not Fast and Pray, but Fast and Preach;
Then strains a Text, whereon he may relate
The Churches danger, discontent of State,
And hold them there so long in fear and doubt,
That some do think 'tis danger to go out;
Believing if they hear the Cieling crack,
The Bishops are behind them, at their back;
And so they sit bewailing one another,
Each groaning Sister howling to her Brother.

A *Presbyter* is he has Womens fears,
And yet will set the whole World by the ears:
He'll rail in publick if the King deny,
To let the Quarrel of the Spaniard die;
He storms to hear in France the Wars should cease,
And that by Treaty there should be Peace:
For sure (saith he) the Church doth Honour want,
When 'tis not truly called Militant,
And in plain truth, as far as I can find,
He bears the self-same Treasonable mind
As doth the Jesuit; for though they be
Tongue-Enemies in shew, their hearts agree.
And both professed foes, alike consent,
Both to betray the Anointed Innocent,
For though their manners differ, yet they aim
That either may the King or Kingdom main:
The difference is this way understood,
One in Sedition, & other deals in blood:
Their Characters stridg'd if you will have,
Each seems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.